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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cooler.

Speech is silver; silence is golden. Major McKinley has not said a word.

The House of Representatives will to-day consider the McCall bill for the restriction of immigration. By way of emphasizing the need for such legislation two steamships will bring about 1,000 immigrants to New York.

British and Spanish war ships joined at Halifax yesterday in firing salutes in honor of the birthday of the young King of Spain. No doubt Sir Francis Drake turned over in his grave; but the firing of cannon by men-of-war when the charge consists of powder only amounts to nothing more than the average politician's statement that he is not a candidate for office.

Li Hung Chang and Field Marshal Yamagata, of Japan, are in Moscow for the purpose of attending the ceremony of the coronation of the Czar. It may be that the Field Marshal will look with regret on the Chinese Premier, who may not feel disposed to wear the recently restored yellow robe and peacock's feather in the presence of the famous warrior who was responsible for their removal from his august person. But the Marquis Yamagata ought to be able to find consolation in a memory more brilliant than most of those accorded to mortal man. He saw the iridescent staff of the Governor of the State of New York. Li Hung Chang in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these.

THE VICTORY OF VARIETY.

Music halls and variety shows are displacing the legitimate theatres in the cities of the world. London, Vienna and New York have successively borne evidence of this fact in the gradual increase in number and prosperity in each of these cities of the places of amusement where light vaudeville entertainment is furnished, and the corresponding decrease in number and prosperity of the houses in which drama and opera are given. The change, like most changes which affect or are affected by the tastes of the entire public, has been gradual. It has even had moments of complete arrest and periods of retroversion. But these movements and periods were as insignificant comparatively as those corresponding ones which geologists have noted in the material modifications of the earth's surface. The process of evolution from the day of the drama and the opera to the day of the variety show has been marked by no abrupt declensions. Its gradations were almost imperceptible, measured by such brief spans of time as are comprehended in the memories of a single generation. But a division of the past century into decades, and the allotment to each decade of its own theatrical characteristic will lay them out to even the unpracticed eye in divisions as distinct as those of the chromatic prism.

But the process of declension is not in question. It is the motives—the animating causes of the declension—which attract the attention of the inquiring or speculative mind. Why are Shakespeare's plays now a virtual "drug on the market," and why does the skirt dancer or the six-voiced vocalist attract the crowds and draw a princely salary? Is it that the plane of public intelligence has become lower? Is it that the popular mind has become more volatile or more frivolous than of yore? No. Investigation into other realms of mental application, into other fields of applied intelligence, will justify the negative. The reason for the super-satur of the theatres by the music halls is simple. Parallelism in its simplest form furnishes the clew to it. Within ten years the metropolitan world has grown vastly busier. It requires twice the application and twice the mentality for application to make a living in a big city nowadays that it did a decade ago. And as the world has grown busier—as men have grown busier—the family ladder has come to demand and absorb more and more of mental effort and application, the minds applied—the mental springs bent further and for longer time each day than of yore, have come to relax with commensurate violence and suddenness—have come to fly from the extreme of compression and application to the antithetical extreme of liberty and relaxation. And the music hall performance, the variety show, the en-

tertainment without plot or purpose or continuity, is the extreme to which the minds of metropolitans, super-applied in the day, fly for relief at night.

TWO FEUDALISMS.

American Democracy has taken another forward stride. The Duchess of Marlborough, nee Vanderbilt, has been presented at court. She wore—and at court functions the clothes rather than their wearer are all important—a magnificent train of white duchesse satin, embroidered with pearls, with a gold and silver design of true lovers' knot bordered with foliage. Her bodice was—but there, we cannot go into the details of an American duchess's dress when she is given the proud privilege of bending low the knee and pressing a reverent kiss on the knuckles of a queenly hand. Enough it is to note that whatever the American wife of the Duke of Marlborough wore, his sisters wore the family pearls.

No American begrudges this young American girl the joy of her introduction to the pleasures of the best English society. She goes there on perfectly equal terms. Her husband has rank—which is an artificial thing—no less so now than it was the day after John Churchill, the soldier, was made Duke of Marlborough. He has "blood"—which is, after all, a question of definition, for the blood of the Vere de Veres is not always as pure as that of the peasant. He has social station, but had Consuelo Vanderbilt not first attained that he would not have married her, even with her fortune.

Indeed, the Marlborough manage offers an illustration of the newest phase of cosmopolitan social life. It is a case of the old feudalism reinforced by the new. Time was that the dukes had their castles, their tributary villages, their peasants giving up substance to the support of the lord of the manor. With the advancement of English liberties the income of the Duke fell off. At first he met dire need by fitting out ships to ravage the enemy on the Spanish Main, or like the first Marlborough, went abroad to fight for his sovereign and an estate. But as time went by the sort of privateering which bordered on piracy fell into disrepute, while the trade of the soldier of fortune became unprofitable. Then arose the new feudalism.

In a new world where inherited rank was laughed at, and no man confessed vassalage to another, a few acquired control of the highways and exacted profitable toll from all who rode and all which was shipped over them. As once a share of every sheep's fleece in England went to the lord of the manor, so in later days a medium of the value of every pound of wool or bushel of wheat goes to the railway prince. So came it about that the scion of a ducal house of Britain was eager to wed—for love, no doubt, but greatly to his profit—the daughter of a Vanderbilt.

Perhaps in time possession of the natural monopolies will be regarded as pure a sign of aristocracy as was enjoyment of the artificial monopolies in feudal times. It is already more profitable, and the possessors of the most exalted titles are ready to barter them for the money which accrues from an American monopoly.

CONNECTICUT'S OPPORTUNITY.

A wily move this, on the part of Captain-General Weyer, forbidding the export of Havana tobacco from the island of Cuba, and one to strike terror to a certain class, albeit limited; but it will avail him not.

Connecticut, with her modest population of a few hundred thousand souls, may reverse his memory and teach her children to glorify his name, but there it ends. He cannot down the overwhelming sympathy of this country with the cause by any such transparent subterfuge, nor divert our attention from his incapacity with this mild sop thrown out to the Nutmeg State.

The fragrant weed as grown by our neighbors needs not the prestige of Weyer's proclamation nor the absence of competition to hold its own. It has soothed many a weary brain in its day, quieted no end of nerves, and brought contentment to untold thousands. And there be those doubtless who unwittingly have blown clouds from this leaf before now under the impression that it was grown beneath warmer skies and softer airs than those that hover over the Connecticut Valley; nor is it likely they have yet done laying this flattering unctuous to their souls. The inventive genius of the land of clocks and hardware is, like the average French wine dealer, well equipped with labels to supply the most exigent demands. The brand has only to be asked for, and there you are.

If, on the other hand, this wretched Spaniard thinks he can corner his crop and make a bull market on our own, our standby, let him beware. There are limits which even the most timid of Congressmen may not go beyond, and this nation once roused on such a question, no Administration would dare stem the tide. Injustice we may look on with complacency; bondage does not seem to move us; the seizure of American citizens is deplorable, perhaps, though we are apathetic; but once raised the price of our smoke, augment the cost of filling our "baccy pouches," and let the rash individual at whose door this deadly sin may be laid take care!

The genial natives of the shores of

the Housatonic and the Thames may rejoice in ghoulish glee; prospective profits may pile up—on paper, but once the American public realizes the full measure of this Vexilian edict, and Cuba Libre is no Utopian dream. The shock of her liberation will be heard around the civilized world, and the echoes will shake the young gentleman in knickerbockers who rules vicariously the Spanish throne from his nursery in Madrid, and give him a rude awakening.

POLITICAL PENSIONS.

Comments, just or unjust, are all alike to the most excitable members of the G. A. R. They resent any criticism, friendly or unfriendly, as if they were not living to defend themselves, if necessary; or to correct their views if wrong. The rule for the dead—nothing if not good—is neither necessary nor just for the living. Hence it is a little hasty for General Porter to condemn the remarks of President Eliot at Washington as an assault on the G. A. R.

All attacks, which have been few and inconsequential, and all criticisms, which have been serious and frequent, have proceeded from the connection of the G. A. R. with pensions. These in turn have arisen from the use unworthy pensioners and thrifty pension agents have sought to make of the G. A. R. to advance special claims and fill attorneys' pockets. They proceed also from another evil, namely, that able-bodied pensioners get too much and the disabled too little aid from the Government.

The people have not lost faith in the veteran; they feel grateful to the old soldier; they would not stay the hand that lightens the burdens of peace for him who bore the frightful burdens of war. But it is not unreasonable to ask that the \$150,000,000 expended every year for pensions should go to the men and women who deserve and need it, not to those whose claims are put through Congressional Committee by lobbyists and passed by Congress without consideration.

In view of the serious and frequent charges against the unjust and unequal distribution of pensions, it is not improper to expect that the G. A. R. should make an earnest effort to equalize pensions so that the needy should have enough and the rich should have less. There is no better time than the present to agitate for just pensions, when Congressmen are picking out and passing pension claims, not because the beneficiaries are worthy or more needy than others, but because these private bills contain special invitations for a Presidential veto. They are political bills, not intended to succor the old soldier, but to sacrifice Cleveland.

A new problem confronted a Brooklyn Police Justice yesterday, though he did not seem to discern the novelty of the case. Four young men were arraigned before him for creating a disturbance on one of the trolley cars returning from Coney Island. These hilarious persons, when requested by the conductor to have some regard for the holy peace of the early Sabbath morn, proceeded to pound him into a state of injured acquiescence in their proceedings. Some of the other passengers in the car offered pertinent objections, and the young men reduced them also to silence and sorrow. Policemen appeared upon the scene and the jubilant conquerors of the trolley car were taken to the station. At the hearing in the morning Justice Tighe said that he would stop the rowdism on the street cars even if he had to send a lot of persons to the penitentiary. The warden of that institution had better sweep and dust his cells. The trolley lines to Coney Island are a standing invitation to rowdism. For five cents a man can go to West Brighton, where "hotels," built in a night to meet the requirements of the Raines bill, supply unlimited quantities of beer at the familiar price, provided a sandwich lies upon the table to impersonate a meal. The manner in which the cars are overcrowded on their return trips naturally upsets what little balance the beer-laden excursionists retain; and then comes rowdism. Justice Tighe is in for a warm and busy summer.

The Czar of Russia, who has been in fact Czar for a long time, is about to be formally crowned with much pomp and circumstance. From all parts of the world potentates have been summoned to witness the glittering ceremony. The ancient spectacle of the Field of the Cloth of Gold was to this as Coney Island to the Chicago World's Fair. Money is to be spent like water. Every visitor will get a colored kerchief, a loaf of white bread (unusual among the children of the "Little Father"), some sausages, some nuts and candy and a mug. All this free gift of the Czar, who straightaway collects enough revenue from his people to pay for all. There will be carousels, theatres, a "Midway Plaisance," operas; in short, every possible device for the amusement of the people—at their own expense. The imperial couple will receive an enormous number of golden platters and folding pictures, frames and devices of gold. To enumerate them would be to catalogue the latest triumphs of the goldsmith's art. But the descriptions of them published day by day in the American newspapers who whom mistaken is our idea that Russia chafes under the iron hand of its present Government. Or can it possibly be that the Russians subscribe to gifts to the Czar as in free America Government clerks used to subscribe for gifts to their chiefs—just to secure peace?

Politics Past, Present and to Come.

Washington, May 18.—To those hare-brains of politics who rake the lake for the moon, go forth with a cobweb to seine for whales, and who would slay bears with my lady's bodkin—in other words, to those lunatics who are so they say, to make the nation's tariff conditions and settle all things of commerce by making McKinley President, one would pause to put a question: How are you going to do these mighty tariff things? I have no tremendous political interest in the matter, for I pass but a broadsword existence at best, eating my bread hot with the battle that won it. Yet am I bitten by a sharp curiosity.

Assuming that you elect McKinley, O Rattleheads of Republicanism, what are you going to do with him? "Pass a McKinley Tariff bill," say you. "Let me ask: Did you read the Dingley bill? Is it not that as this is read your Dingley bill, unadopted, hangs by its shanks on the Senate hooks, blue with the putridity of failure and long waiting? Were McKinley—silent to-day through cowardice, silent through weakness, silent through ignorance, silent with the silence of fear, silent with the fear of the syndicate which owns him and paid for him body and soul and bread and butter, and which is to hereafter drive him like a horse—were McKinley, I say, to-day in the White House, could you pass a tariff bill?"

Wouldn't it crush on the reef of silver and sink in the waters of the Senate as the Dingley bill has done? Haven't the Republicans both branches of Congress on joint and several liability, and, alas! they have failed utterly, flatly and absolutely in their tariff efforts?

What will be the change in Congressional conditions during the two years, the four years to follow next March 3, that is to pave the way to all this tariff protection of which one hears so much from your unenlightened lips? Who is to leave the Senate and who to come, to make easy, victorious sailing for McKinleyism, where Dingleyism—the terms are synonymous—met such shattering wreck?

Let me say a word to you who exalt your horns and deafen quiet and better folk with your uproar—unholy as haine—as to what tariff bills will pass and what "protection" flourish when McKinley is king. And let me particularly say it to those purblind people of manufacturing sort who are digging up their dollars to furnish a McKinley war.

There will not in the next four and for aught that can be seen in the next forty years, a tariff bill go through Congress except at the price of free exchange. No free silver to do it, no protective tariff.

You will do me words true, incidentally. Just as I did a week ago in Washington, that the silver men of the Northwest were planning a bait at St. Louis. They would walk off with Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana and Idaho and set up the standard of rebellion. They would name Teller for the Presidency, and whether they or the Populists or the Democrats carried them, they would defeat regular Republicanism in November in every State west of the Missouri.

With the Democracy making a clean sweep south of Mason and Dixon's line, the next Presidential election would fall finally to the House of Representatives. This last, I would say, would be another story. Just as I dispatch a week ago in Washington, that the silver men of the Northwest were planning a bait at St. Louis. They would walk off with Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana and Idaho and set up the standard of rebellion. They would name Teller for the Presidency, and whether they or the Populists or the Democrats carried them, they would defeat regular Republicanism in November in every State west of the Missouri.

It was also pointed out that this assault on Dingleyism, made as a method of free silver 10 to 1 war, had separated Dubois and Shoup, the two Senators from Idaho, as well as Teller and Wolcott, the two from Colorado. It made the issue squarely and left it to the people of their States to approve or censure.

Since the dispatch of a week ago much has happened under the bridge. Teller and Dubois have been endorsed, Wolcott and Shoup disarmed and turned down. The two first will, whatever the outcome at the polls in November, return to the Senate to do again for McKinleyism what they did for Dingleyism—smile it lip and thigh. Brighten, where "hotels," built in a night to meet the requirements of the Raines bill, supply unlimited quantities of beer at the familiar price, provided a sandwich lies upon the table to impersonate a meal. The manner in which the cars are overcrowded on their return trips naturally upsets what little balance the beer-laden excursionists retain; and then comes rowdism. Justice Tighe is in for a warm and busy summer.

The narrow man of the East will say: "But the pressure of public opinion will be too great for these desperadoes of silver." What pressure? What public opinion? Teller cares no more for the bluster of Boston than Lodge for the bullying of Denver. "Dubois reckes as lightly of the censure of New York as would Hill of the threats of the miners of the Gunnison. There's no way to avoid the result, or win a separate way for tariff. The brigands of silver, occupying the trail of legislation, have held protection up to it as a bait." It all comes to this, O McKinleyites! Whatever the result at the convention in St. Louis, or the polls in November, you will have a new session, and a new session, free silver. The silver people will meet you, Indian for Indian, and offer to trade hands for blankets, feathers for raw hides, and they'll do no more. As they can kill protection as often and as long as you can kill free silver.

It was decided at the obscure primaries held last week in Colorado, Idaho and other regions to the northwest. The alternative was endorsed. No free silver, no protective tariff. The assault on "protection," made by Teller, Dubois, Mantle, Cannon and Carter, was endorsed. They were told to do it again.

The Eastern protectionists should have attended to the carrying of these Colorado and Idaho primaries. The Eastern gold bugs should have attended to the carrying of these primaries. Both elements failed to do this, and the chance has forever gone. Now gold or "protection" is to be sacrificed. Silver has been permitted a bill dog grip on each, and one of the other it can surely drag down to its agony. The next Congress will select and show the victor.

And now, most vociferous yet feather-headed McKinleyites, what think you of your man—the ring which has bought him—would do? Would he give free silver to gain protection? Is it my view he would, the ring would, him to, the other those banks and those businesses which fear free silver might better ponder the future in this behalf.

Alfred Henry Lewis

The Enlightenment of Mrs. McManus.

Mr. Malachi McManus's conversations with his wife were frequently very instructive, for he drove a truck, and thus was thrown much in the current of the world. He pulled his chair back from the table, and, after blowing on his glasses, rubbing them on the tabcloth, and jamming them on his nose, read the evening paper, beginning with the head lines in the first column and pursuing his researches to the little liver pills in the bottom of the last column. Mr. McManus's evening adventure into the news of the day was a solemn function, more by token that it was a strenuous pleasure for Mr. McManus himself. Mrs. McManus never interrupted it, but beguiled the time reading fortunes in the bottom of the teacup. "A long journey again, glory be, there's a dark-headed stranger he, I'll dinnaw. Maybe of Hinnissiey. He's been allin' these five year. 'Tis that long ago he had th' first stroke, an' called in th' wife to give her directions fr' th' wake, 'Have Dooney,' says he; 'he's th' bist wife widin, not to be nallin' ye into a crate like a o' bedtick,' he says. 'An', he says, 'in all things, Jarlath, don't wake me in draught beer,' he says, fr' he was a proud man in his day. He's been a long time dyin', but this must be th' call fr' him. Dear o' dear, there's th' dark-headed stranger again, an' th' long journey. Lave me see; who can it be?"

At this moment Mr. McManus thrust the paper out at arm's length and uttered an explosive "What's that? What's that?" which was the regular evening signal for the enlightenment of Mrs. McManus.

"Well, now," said Mr. McManus, "that's too bad, at all."

"An' what's too bad at all?" asked Mrs. McManus.

"Why, this here paper says th' man Platt is not golu' fr' be 'lowed fr' to pick out a President fr' us."

"An' who's Platt?" Mrs. McManus asked.

"He's an expressman that lives up th' river. I dinnaw th' man, but he must be a power in th' union be th' way he goes on."

"An' why sh'd th' loikes iv him be pickin' out Presidents fr' th' likes iv us? Why don't he attend to his own business?"

"I never heard iv O'Grady's bad namu' President. He thried to be an A'nericanize fr' th' distric' convention an' his poor mother sat up all night puttin' poisons to his jaw where a policeman hit him. Politics 's a bad business."

"'Tis no business fr' a woman to try to understand," said Mr. McManus. "Ye'd best keep out iv it. An' I'll thank ye not to bring up th' O'Grady's. I never catted fr' him, or thim fr' me. I've knowed all th' county, but I never see a man come out iv Kilkenny. White stockin's an' o' money, an' whin Cromwell come they wot th' bar'l in their guns so's they'd not have th' man fr' Kilkenny, an' th' story in th' gun ye'er throwin' in me face is he got up not be Queens County coonants that 'ud not dare come widin a mile iv th' line on a fair day. Dan'l O'Connell was dyed in Kilkenny."

"Well," said Mr. McManus, finally, "th' man Platt never came fr'm that county. Where he come fr'm th' Lord o' his knows, or whether he's a Swede or a German or a Rooshian or a Eyeballin' whatever it was, he was born away fr'm home. An' he's a great man. I'll concede ye that, think iv him. He has no job. No man iver sees him. If he was to walk into this minyet, I'd not know him fr'm Ridd Hugh that was dead before I was born. But if ye want a drink ye have to get permission fr'm Platt. If ye have a friend that's been handlin' a punch in th' nose to a fellow-teen, Platt can get him out. Ye pay year taxes to Platt an' he splinds them fr' ye. Ye shud a man to Albany, an' Platt, th' expressman, takes th' check fr' him. He's th' Governor in th' State an' he's Senators an' th' judges on th' bench, an' th' whole works. He's everything an' iverbody. Ye can't throw a brick in th' street be way in plenary without hittin' Platt. He closes th' saloons, but he'd as lave close th' churches. If he had his way they'd never let a man in a th' White House beyant that didn't wear on his back blown in red letters, 'T. C. Platt, Coboes, N. Y. Use no hooks."

"That's th' kind iv a lad he is. An' why aint they some way iv gittin' rid iv him, is it? Well, I'm minded iv a man fr'm me own county be th' name iv Aloysius Rooney, an' he was a character. He drove a car in th' city iv Dublin an' he had an o' gray mare that'd kicked th' dashboard out iv tin cars before an' kilt two daunt min an' van fr'm th' County Ar-magh. Rooney exprimented wid th' mare, feedin' her cakes an' goom dhrops till wan day, after he'd give her a pound iv sugar out iv his own hand she put her hind hoof into th' stomach iv him an' bruk three iv his slats. Whin he got out iv bed th' first thing he done wid her was to tie her to a stall an' pound her wid a bull's head shank. Th' he drove her into th' country till he was so tired he neard droppin' fr'm his seat. After he'd risted he went into th' stall an' jumped on her head. Now natter how gentle she became Rooney never lift her alone. 'Tis th' same way, Malachi, he says, 'with beasts as with min. If ye threat thim kindly they're as libel as to turn on ye whin ye'r laste expletin' it,' he says. 'But if ye wallop thim ivry time ye see thim they'll like ye none th' more, but they'll threat ye with more respect.' His idee was sound, but wan day he was drivin' th' mare back turned, and van' with a fetid, whin th' mare jolted him in th' head an' he had a fun'nal mile long."

"Mebbe th' same'll happen to What's-his-name," said Mrs. McManus, who has a poor memory.

"It might," said Mr. McManus, "an' th' people was horses. Bela'm'm!" And he resumed his reading.

No Longer Exclusive.

"Really," said Mrs. De Porquie, "it's very distressing to see how common things are getting."

"Yes," replied her husband; "luxuries are a good deal cheaper than they were."

"I don't know," said Mrs. De Porquie, "but I'm getting so that anybody can afford a diamond robbery nowadays." Washington Star.

In the Bad Lands Still.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Quay, Clarkson and Platt still refuse to leave the Bad Lands and return to the reservation.

The Krueger Whisker.

[Detroit News-Tribune.]

A nervous and apprehensive English populace was not a good thing for the Krueger whisker of the new French Premier.

Choice Recollections.

[Detroit Tribune.]

In the meanwhile, there are being manufactured some choice articles of recollections for statesmen who may fall into the memoir habit.

Cabinet Size.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Not a photograph of Mark Hanna can be found anywhere which isn't cabinet size.

Alphonse Duprat's Bookshop.

Alphonse Duprat's bookshop, in Fifth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street, almost opposite the Waldorf, in the spacious parlor and dining room of an old brick house, where one was sure to find always a Taneuhitz, a portrait engraved by Grate-loup, the latest poster by Cheret, Ibel's or Willette; a scarce Elzevier with wide margins, and a beautiful book, bound as if it were to be given in homage to a Princess of Este, is closed. There was no announcement made of this. It strikes one brutally, like the fall of a signboard in a whirlwind, and yet not one of the ardent book lovers who have known and appreciated Alphonse Duprat since his heroic fight began may be astonished. It was inevitable that he should go out of the turmoil in this silent, resigned way. He has gone to a charming home in a park, where incurables have air, light and the fragrance of trees. He has a malady which is relentless. He tells you that it is scarce and modern. The physicians of his century agree nothing of it. He has seen Charcot, he has tried the treatment by hanging, the subcutaneous injections recommended by Constantin Paul, the elixir invented by Brown-Sequard; he has ceased to drink coffee and burgundy, and he has stayed for days in bed with a Titanic effort not to think; but locomotor ataxia is invincible. It is the malady which was Helme's.

Alphonse Duprat is a Dutchman by birth, but his ancestors went to Holland at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and this explains how it happens that he takes the aesthetic, not the practical—that is, the instantly practical—view of everything. He came to New York as the agent of a banking house of Amsterdam, made a fortune, which he lost in the wreck of Jay Cooke & Co., and turned to book selling because he had always been a bibliophile. In the time of his wealth he had a mansion in Harlem, in gardens where he cultivated rare tulips. His house was a museum of paintings, vases, ivories and valuable books. His furniture was antique and delicate, his lace was masterpieces of Alencon and Valenciennes. He encouraged artists and artisans to the extreme of his capability, not with his money only, but with his advice, which has a lasting influence. He gave to the Metropolitan Museum of Art the collection of ivory casts which is one of the most valuable exhibitions there.

Alphonse Duprat, bookseller, was not different from Alphonse Duprat, book buyer. One could not find in his shop the books that sell well, but those that wear well, and as he had the Greek idea that nothing may endure without beauty of form, he created the modern art of bookbinding. This has been defined from models in the collections of Samuel P. Avery, George Heath de Forest, C. Jolly-Bavollet and Valentin A. Blaque, as "the art of creating in the reader, by the composition of the covers of a book, the state of mind desired by the author of the book." Alphonse Duprat, after this accomplishment, went further than this. He insisted that books should express in their covers the sentiment of their authors as viewed by their book lovers. Then Duprat's learning revived interest in the books of the Elzeviers. He demonstrated the bibliographical value of the "Virgil" of 1676, in spite of Helmsius; the glory of the "Caesar" of 1635; the beauty of the "Seneca" of 1640; the richness of the "Regulus" of 1632; he labored for the Elzevier books as if it were a literary master and, at the sale of the library formed by Eugene Pallet, in Paris, the Elzevier books designated by Duprat brought fabulous prices. He asked for no other reward than the sanction of the book lovers.

Grolier Books at Auction.

At an auction sale of books at the rooms of Bangs & Co. yesterday eight posters by Cheret, Grapet, etc., averaged 37½ cents each. A set of Grolier Club publications was offered, fetching the following prices: Star Chamber Conversations, Printing, Made July 11, 1637, 8½, 150 copies printed, \$170; second copy, 1884, \$202; "Ruhalyat of Omar Khayyam," the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, 8vo, paper cover, 150 printed on Japan paper, 1885, \$208; "Transactions of the Grolier Club from its Foundation, January, 1884, to July, 1885," Part I, square 8vo, paper, bound, 88, Irving, N. Y., printed by New York from the Beginning of the World," by Dietrich Knickerbocker, two volumes, 8vo, uncut, boards, 175 printed, 1886, \$125; Hoe, Robert, "Lecture on Book-binding as a Fine Art," delivered before the club February 20, 1885, with 63 illustrations, small 4to, 200 copies printed, 1886, \$57; De Vinne, T. L., "Historical Printing Types," small 4to, 200 copies printed, 1887, \$33; Reade, Charles, "The Worthington," 250 copies printed, two volumes, post 8vo, uncut, white cloth, gilt, 1887, \$58; De Vinne, T. L., "Christopher Plantin and the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp, royal 8vo, paper, 300 copies printed, 1888, \$24; Matthews, William, "Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered," small 4to, 300 copies printed, 1880, \$23; The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, edited by John S. P. Wood, three volumes, square crown 8vo, 300 copies printed, 1885, \$50; Milton, John, "Areopagitica," a speech delivered for the liberty of unlicensed printing to the Parliament of England, with an introduction by James Russell Lowell, post 8vo, 325 copies printed, 1880, \$20; Curtis, George, "William Washington Irving: a Sketch," portraits, 8vo, uncut, red morocco, 44 copies printed, 1881, \$30; "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Engraved Portraits," only 200 so printed, 1881, \$8.50; "Catalogue of an Exhibition of illuminated with his back turned, and van' with a fetid, whin th' mare jolted him in th' head an' he had a fun'nal mile long."

"Mebbe th' same'll happen to What's-his-name," said Mrs. McManus, who has a poor memory.

"It might," said Mr. McManus, "an' th' people was horses. Bela'm'm!" And he resumed his reading.

No Longer Exclusive.

"Really," said Mrs. De Porquie, "it's very distressing to see how common things are getting."

"Yes," replied her husband; "luxuries are a good deal cheaper than they were."

"I don't know," said Mrs. De Porquie, "but I'm getting so that anybody can afford a diamond robbery nowadays." Washington Star.

In the Bad Lands Still.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Quay, Clarkson and Platt still refuse to leave the Bad Lands and return to the reservation.

The Krueger Whisker.

[Detroit News-Tribune.]

A nervous and apprehensive English populace was not a good thing for the Krueger whisker of the new French Premier.

Choice Recollections.

[Detroit Tribune.]

In the meanwhile, there are being manufactured some choice articles of recollections for statesmen who may fall into the memoir habit.

Cabinet Size.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Not a photograph of Mark Hanna can be found anywhere which isn't cabinet size.

Some Information for the People